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J'accuse!

AN OPEN LETTER TO JANET RENO, ATTORNEY GENERAL, U.S. DEPARTMENT OF INJUSTICE

from

Reinhold Aman

Ex-Federal Prisoner No. 03873-089 and
The World's Most Dangerous Postcard Writer

Dear Ms. Reno:

Throughout your career, you have heard the American people complain about sleazy lawyers, corrupt judges, and our unjust justice system. I was one of those; but now, thanks to successful rehabilitation by your fine Federal Bureau of Prisons, I am in a position to correct the American people and to bring to your attention three of the finest legal minds this country has to offer.

When you compare how I thought and spoke before my rehabilitation and now, you will be pleased to note that our criminal justice system really works and that vicious criminals like me can be effectively rehabilitated and reintroduced into our society of decent citizens.

First some background. I used to be a cosmopolitan university professor of medieval literature and philology cursed with a foul tongue and cynicism when speaking of certain lawyers, judges and our legal system. All that changed once I was in federal prison, reduced to No. 03873-089, and benefiting from the superb program of rehabilitation your Bureau of Prisons offers. After a mere 15-1/2 months in maximum-security cells, medium-security prisons, minimum-security prison labor camps and a halfway house, I have been rehabilitated and become a clean-

spoken, law-abiding, justice-respecting model citizen. In fact, while I was in prison, I used to sing this famous hymn:

**Amazing grace! How sweet the sound that saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found, was blind but now I see.**

The sweet sound that saved me was the voice of Milwaukee Federal Judge Joseph Scatmüller sentencing me to prison, so that I would become a better person, learn to see the truth, and shed my wretched ways and words. How right he was.

At first, the Feds threatened me with **25 years in prison and \$1.25 million in fines** because I had allegedly violated an obscure law, Title 18 U.S. Code §876, "Mailing threatening communications," of which each of the five counts carried a sentence of five years in prison and a fine of \$250,000. Two of the five counts were dismissed. The three remaining counts were based on the language in my revealing pamphlet "Legal Slimebags of Wisconsin," distributed widely to jurists in Wisconsin and elsewhere, as well as two black-humor prank postcards with newspaper headline clippings I mailed to my ex-wifey in Wisconsin. None of the three communications contained any "true threat" as defined by law, but your wonderful U.S. Attorneys convinced an astute grand jury and federal jury that I was indeed a dangerous criminal who must be thrown in prison. The equally wonderful federal judge then sentenced me to three times 27 months in prison and three years' supervised release, more commonly known as probation. Because of an error by the judge, I was later resentenced to 18 months.

Babe-in-the-legal-woods that I was, I was not aware that the law currently can be misused by anyone to yell "Threat!" to harass and silence opponents. The federal circuit courts of appeal currently are divided over what a threat is; the majority oddly favors this unscientific, subjective interpretation: if the recipient of a communication merely **claims** it's a threat, then it's a threat. No facts required. This isn't a law; this is a joke.

Knowing what an upstanding moral person you are, I am certain that you won't misuse this Open Letter to claim that I am threatening you. If you did, I'd be back in the slammer for at least five years.

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Now to your fine legal colleagues, whose names you should engrave on your cerebral cortex. After I have detailed their deeds, I know you will be proud to be their colleague and the head of our Department of Injustice.

The first is Assistant U.S. Attorney **Francis Schmutz**, Chief of Criminal Division in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He is the hardworking gentleman who spared no time or dime to have me indicted, arrested, tried, convicted, and imprisoned. Instead of concentrating on less-important unsolved crimes such as murders, child molestations, rapes, or assaults on old people, and letting some lower-level government flunkey handle my case, Schmutz devoted all the government manpower and money he could muster to put me, a dangerous postcard writer, behind bars. It was Schmutz's single-minded determination that made Wisconsin **Amanfrei**. If perchance you are not familiar with this word, it means "free of Aman." I coined this term from the adjective **judenfrei**, "free of Jews," the Nazi goal of ridding German-controlled countries of those annoying Jews by expelling them or putting them in concentration camps. Words cannot express my gratitude to him and his personal attention to my case.

Even though I realize now that Schmutz is one of the finest legal minds in this great country, in my pre-prison and pre-rehabilitation days I described him as "the bastard son of Heinrich Himmler," "a Nazi Persecutor," "a conviction-hungry Gestapo son-of-a-whore" and worse. Now I shudder when I recall what a vile-tongued vulgarian I used to be. I made fun of his name by insisting that he acted tough to compensate for his sissy name **Francis**. I even maliciously misspelled his last name **Putz** (which in Yiddish means "prick"). It should be obvious to you that I sorely needed rehabilitation and imprisonment behind deadly razor-wire fences.

True, Schmutz and his colleagues have a few very minor flaws. In my opinion, they lied to the Spanish-Inquisition-type grand jury that my profession was reviewing and publishing legal documents (!); they lied to the **Milwaukee Urinal** that I had threatened to injure or kill several individuals; they threatened to come down as hard as they could on me if I did not accept their plea bargain; they lied to my mentally ill ex-wife Shirley Beischel Aman; and they speculated wildly about my mental condition and intentions -- but heck, who's perfect? These alleged acts by your colleagues cost me only seven months of house arrest and 15-1/2 months irretrievably lost in prison, not to mention some \$100,000 of American tax dollars -- but all well worth it to make Amerika **Amanfrei** for a while.

Now, thoroughly rehabilitated, I can highly recommend Francis Schmutz as a colleague for your office. Even you will be impressed by that hunk of a man: in my opinion, **Putz** Schmutz is a good-looking, tall, lean gentleman with a fierce face and ferocious Nazi-prosecutor eyes -- the kind of chap Hitler would have loved to have around to beat up Jews and herd them onto cattle trains. His legal acumen is astounding: Schmutz's superb courtroom performance not only convinced twelve brilliant Milwaukee jurors of my dangerousness, but he and his fellow Feds had



earlier convinced a secret grand jury, the FBI, and their federal pals in San Francisco that I was a potential maniacal mass-murderer who had to be denied bail, handcuffed, leg-shackled and belly-chained to murderers and bank robbers, locked up in maximum-security cells, and kept in prison until my trial four months later. Thus, Ms. Reno, if you are looking for a **Sturmführer** or **Kommandant** to head your future Federal Gestapo, please remember ~~Putz~~ Schmutz! (The picture shows how I saw Schmutz before my successful rehabilitation.)

I used to believe that my incompetent and back-stabbing divorce lawyer, Karen Horse-Apple, the hysterical divorce judge Marianne Peckerhead (both of Waukeshit, Wisconsin), the government persecutors, and the federal judge all insisted that I must be crazy to ridicule and expose your godlike legal pals in Wisconsin as morally corrupt. Yet three psychologists with doctoral degrees, in court-ordered mental examinations before, in, and after prison, pronounced me completely rational and sane. Still, there may be an unresolved conflict in my soul not cured by my incarceration, as I keep mistyping Attorney Schmutz's name.

As you can expect, before my successful rehabilitation, I claimed that Francis ~~Putz~~ Schmutz easily won the trial because my court-appointed lawyers, Jeff Bullshytter in San Francisco and John Miller Kuntbrain in Milwaukee, were (as I used to believe) lazy, lying, incompetent schmucks who would have lost against any brain-dead, microcephalic government flunkey shyster.

I also stated that the non-peer jurors were illiterate Milwaukee meatheads who found me guilty just because the Nazi prosecutor said I was. In my pre-prison days I also asserted that a Negro in Old Alabama would have been treated better by a posse of lynch-happy rednecks and that a Jew would have fared better at the infamous 1940s Nazi tribunals. I further claimed that the six FBI boys and their bulldyke-in-charge who tried to arrest me acted like the Keystone Kops. Now, rehabilitated, I am ashamed of my evil thoughts of yore.

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My second former adversary is the wonderful Waukeshit County Judge **Marianne Peckerhead**. As rehabilitated Me now knows, Peckerhead is another fine jurist worthy of your attention and an appointment in your office, where her legal scholarship and morals would perfectly match those of your colleagues and underlings. In my pre-prison days, I spoke of her in the vilest ways, misled by my

ill-conceived notions of justice and fair play, for which there is, of course, no place in a country that only brags about free speech and justice for all.

Basically, as I used to opine, due to the evil influence, vicious lies and sickening allegations of my wife's divorce lawyer, Charlie Foullips of Waukeshit, and because of the nasty, stupid and hysterical bitch that Peckerhead is -- as I thought of her before my rehabilitation -- I felt "fucked over," as we cons say, by her outrageously irrational divorce decision. I filed well-documented complaints against Peckerhead with the Wisconsin see-no-judge's-evil Judicial Commission (this immoral outfit, headed by Jimmy Asslicksander, is supposed to discipline scumbag judges) who, of course, protected Peckerhead and would not even investigate my charges. I appealed to the conscience and morals of the three Wisconsin appeals court justices Netteslime, Anderswine & Slyer, quoting from their **Appellate Practice and Procedure in Wisconsin**, §23.4d: "No court should turn its back on an injustice," but naturally, they sided 100% with their black-robed colleague, chuckling about this tenet as being just another opiate for the masses. I sent my case to seven Wisconsin SSupreme Court judges headed by Nathan (The Unwise) Hefferstein. No luck. I forwarded information copies to U.S. Supreme Court Justice O'Connor and Chief Justice Rehnquist (another Wisconsinite), telling them about Peckerhead and Foullips; no reaction, naturally. Utterly frustrated by their immoral protection of that judge Peckerhead, I distributed widely a hard-hitting two-page pamphlet, "**Legal Slimebags of Wisconsin**," in which I chided and ridiculed all those "morally corrupt black-robed bastards and bitches" (as I called them in my vile pre-prison days), listed some of the judge's abuses of power and stupidities, and mailed a courtesy copy to Peckerhead, with the heartfelt plea that God would rot her saggy tits off. Your legal colleagues went apeshit, as vulgar people say. They decided to smash me as you and your boys smashed the women and children at the Waco Branch Davidian compound, except that the Feds did not use tanks on me.

Before being rehabilitated, I asked myself, "How can a demonstrably nasty, hysterical and stupid asshole like Marianne Peckerhead become a judge and be protected by her black-robed buddies?" My back-stabbing shyster Horse-Apple (who demonstrated immense incompetence, never warned me of the federal law I allegedly violated, gave one of my letters to the FBI, and slandered me by claiming that I was "mentally ill" and "paranoid") told me that "Peckerhead is a bad judge." Several of Peckerhead's colleagues at the Waukeshit courthouse hinted to the press that she is hysterical and paranoid. And yet that bitch, as I used to describe her in my pre-rehabilitation days, is still allowed to work as a circuit court judge and, in my opinion, destroy decent people's lives. "Someone as stupid and nasty as Peckerhead should not be allowed to judge a baking contest, let alone sit on the

bench," I used to tell myself. "How can an ignorant asshole like Peckerhead become a judge?"

Simple. The eleven white boys at the Waukeshit court house -- being in "progressive" Wisconsin -- needed a minority token fellow judge. A homosexual was out of the question in Waukeshit, where men are men and sheep are nervous. A Negro would stick out like a turd in a bowl of milk in lily-white Waukeshit with a population of only 167 Negroes. The least evil would be a woman. As far as I know, only two lawyers were running for the open judgeship: "Sewer-rat divorce shyster" Charlie Foullips and Marianne Peckerhead. Peckerhead was elected, naturally, as the Token Cunt on the court.

Speaking of sexual affirmative action, you hear uppity gals bitch about the "glass ceiling" that supposedly keeps them from reaching the upper echelons of corporations. But seeing that women lawyers like Peckerhead are allowed to become judges, I firmly believed that we need an impenetrable "cunt ceiling" to prevent such demonstrably stupid, nasty and unfit cunts like Peckerhead from ever again becoming judges. (No, dear Ms. Reno, my rehabilitation is not wearing off; I'm just using the vile language I was wont to speak before incarceration, to show you what 15-1/2 months in prison and 100,000 tax dollars have eradicated.)

Now rehabilitated, I see that judge Peckerhead's flaws are really insignificant. Before getting the Federal Treatment, I considered her actions vicious abuses of power and pure nastiness and fought them fiercely. For example, I used to believe that Peckerhead irrationally gave some \$85,000 too much to my ex-wife by awarding the following to her:

- half of my mother's inheritance
- half of twelve nonexistent Krugerrands
- half of unearned income and advance subscriptions to my future **Maledicta 11**
- half of nonexistent income from book sales that never took place
- half of a silver certificate borrowed from a friend
- half of my business operating funds
- half of my insanely over-valued book inventory.

Before my successful rehabilitation, I was extremely upset by this "theft" of \$85,000 from my daughter and myself. Because of Peckerhead's absolutely insane over-valuation of my book inventory, she actually "stole" **all** of my inheritance and **all** of my readers' \$28,000 prepaid subscriptions. As I used to claim, among Peckerhead's other idiocies, she forced me to pay \$4,000 of my wife's legal fees to Foullips

because "Shirley [to whom she awarded **\$100,000**] has the need and Reinhold [who got only **\$20,000**] the ability to pay." Peckerhead decided that my book inventory was worth \$83,649 -- an absolutely insane amount, of which I had to pay to my ex-wife 50% or \$41,824.50 in advance by selling the house -- even though I will never be able to sell the old books, even though thousands of books have been destroyed by water damage, and even though my wife's own expert valued the books at a small fraction of that insane amount. And, to be able to pay the rent and live in poverty, I had to sell **Maledicta** for only **\$12.50** each, but Peckerhead insisted that I earn **\$21.62 net profit** for every copy sold. What utter madness!

I have never been interested in money. All I have been fighting for is **justice**. I have not attacked the **bodies** but the **immorality and power-caused corruption** of all that legal slime that stole \$85,000 from my daughter, my dead mother and me. Can you understand now, Ms. Reno, why I detested -- as I described them in my pre-prison days -- that "fuckin' old whore Peckerhead," "sewer-rat" Foullips, and all the "disgustingly immoral legal slimebags" who protect her?



In addition, I used to call Peckerhead "a hysterical and paranoid bitch," based on these facts: Even though I lived in California, 2,300 miles west of Wisconsin, Peckerhead was the only one of twelve judges who locked the doors to her courtroom chambers out of fear that I would come and kill her; she changed the locks on her home; she told Wisconsin detectives that I was "fairly wealthy" and had the means to send a hired assassin to Wisconsin; she told her children not to accept packages with excessive postage; she refused to travel with her family because I could blow up the airplane; and she gave a poster with my photo and the 911 emergency number to her kids, urging them to call the police if I showed up. This (as I believed) genuinely hysterical bitch actually convinced various law enforcement agencies and the gullible Feds that I intended to injure or kill her and/or her children.

"Is this a looney, or what?" I opined. Yet such an obvious paranoid wacko (as I believed) is not only protected by her black-robed buddies but now also by the busybody Feds who in 1992 extended their protection to every hicktown judge, including sick and incompetent judges like Peckerhead. That is how I used to think of her in my evil pre-prison days. (The picture shows how I saw Judge Peckerhead before my successful rehabilitation. No, it's not a cunt but a big asshole, even though she's a cunt, too.)

Her other minute flaws include, in my opinion, admitting hearsay evidence, massive character assassination, demonstrable stupidity and viciousness, and outrageous libeling but, hey, if the Wisconsin Judicial Commission, the Wisconsin State Bar, and the American Bar Association can overlook such peccadillos, so can you and I. Next time there is a vacancy on the U.S. Supreme Court, do your best to get Peckerhead on the bench before the "cunt ceiling" prevents her from attaining such an exalted position. As I can see now (thanks to my rehabilitation), Peckerhead's outstanding legal mind is too good to be wasted in some hicktown courtroom: she is fit to sit on our Supreme Court.

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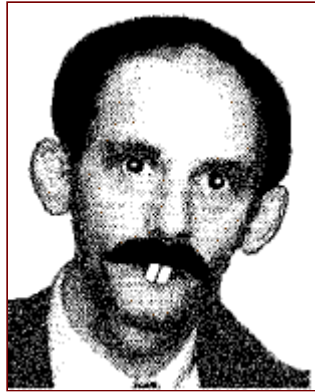
The last legal mind I wish to bring to your attention is **Charlie Foullips** of Waukeshit, the divorce attorney par excellence who sicced the Feds on me. This matrimonial lawyer (an official euphemism for "divorce shyster") is protected by the Wisconsin Bar's see-no-lawyer's-evil Board of Attorneys Professional Responsibility (this immoral outfit, headed by Gerald Sternstein, is supposed to discipline scumbag shysters), the Wisconsin and American Bar Associations, as well as by the American Academy of Matrimonial Lawyers, so he's got to be good. Never mind that my unrehabilitated mind believed him to be the most vicious sewer-rat divorce shyster Waukeshit has to offer, a bottom-feeding asskisser of judges, a blood-sucking piece of subhuman garbage, a shyster who shamelessly lies to judges and colleagues, and a satanic vulture who exploits women in distress. In my pre-rehabilitation days, I hoped that God would kill him after a long and painful illness so that he could feel some of the pain he has inflicted on me, my family and many others. I urged him to commit suicide, so that the legal slimebags of Wisconsin would be cleansed of their foulest stain, but how wrong I was!

Before rehabilitation, I believed that Foullips unscrupulously dragged out our divorce to amass more than \$15,000 in fees for what started out as a friendly divorce that could have been settled for under a thousand bucks, that he ruthlessly manipulated old wifey (that thieving, lying, spineless washrag with Gestapo eyes) and that he engaged in numerous false accusations and fabrications -- but little did I know that such practices are approved by our legal system.

After rehabilitation, I perceive Charlie Foullips to be an outstanding lawyer wasting away in Waukeshit. How foolish of me to try to have him and judge Peckerhead disbarred! Foullips is simply brilliant: although he had no facts to back up his foul allegations, mini-brain Peckerhead accepted all his lies to arrive at her crazy "50-50" division of property mentioned above. Even more astounding, Charlie insisted that I had assets of exactly **\$420,843.00!**

God knows what possessed me, but I actually produced a **WANTED** poster for Charlie and distributed it widely. A copy of it is reproduced below, solely for your information:

WANTED



Charlie "Filthy" Foullips

Sewer-rat Divorce Shyster

Also Known As

Sewer Rat, Bullshitter, Liar, Hyena, Vulture, Swine, Barracuda

Wanted for:

Protracting legal action to increase fees; forcing himself between spouses to rake in more money; manipulating clients; fabricating impeachments; distorting facts; making absurd claims and insane demands; libeling and smearing of opponents; lying to colleagues and judges

Born: September 14, 1946

Nose: Large & pointy, shithouse-rat-brown from ass-kissing judges

Ears: Jug-handled; almost deaf

Truthfulness: None. Habitual liar. Lied to Wisconsin attorneys, court commissioner, circuit court, appeals court, and Wisconsin SSupreme Court judges

Standard Lie when under Oath: "I don't recall."

Height: Circa 6 feet when standing up straight and not kissing judges' asses

Weight: Circa 150 lbs (without nose)

Body: Thin, from chasing pitiable "battered" women for clients

Hair: Dark-brown but going bald

Eyes: Brown and beady like a sewer rat's; whorish; shifty; wears coke-bottle glasses

Morals and Self-Esteem: None

Greed: Insatiable

Character Traits: Satanic, vicious, destructive, vindictive, sadistic; hysterical; cowardly; semi-literate

Courtroom Behavior: Bullying and bigmouthed

Relationship to Judges: Groveling first-rate ass-kisser

It may strike you as paradoxical that I, with such a huge sum of money, live in a rented decaying old house with a leaking roof and that I recently had to beg my readers to donate funds for rent and food, so that I could continue working on **Maledicta**. If you should ever be hard up for cash, write to Foullips and ask him for details about my \$420,843. When you discover my assets, you are welcome to keep 90% as finder's fee, but do send me the remaining \$42,084.30, so that I can feed my cats and myself.

Knowing now what a brilliant and decent human being Charlie Foullips is, I can also recommend him to you. If a federal bench needs to be filled, or a high-ranking position in your office, think of Foullips. With his high moral fiber and his sleuthing skills to ferret out the best-hidden assets, he would blend in perfectly with your staff.

I do hope you will write your three colleagues, these treasures of American Justice, and thank them personally for all they have done to make me a better person and keep Amerika safe.

Gross as it seems now, before my rehabilitation I used to engage in depraved fantasies, dreaming of the day when Schmutz, Peckerhead and Foullips were dead and buried, so that I could travel to Wisconsin just to piss on their graves.

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Now that I have alerted you to these three fine legal minds and colleagues, I might also tell you of related matters I have learned while in prison. The \$100,000 your Department of Injustice spent on rehabilitating me was not wasted; trust me. I have

learned much about the criminal system, about pre-trial officers, federal judges, federal attorneys, court-appointed lawyers, U.S. Marshalls, FBI agents, prison administrators and guards, halfway houses, and probation officers.

The following information may upset you a bit, but I have always spoken the truth--which does not make you free but gets your head smashed in, as the Hungarians say.

In summer 1994, while imprisoned in Lompoc, California, I drafted a long letter to you. "Monkeybrain," a nasty guard (or, as we cons say, a "fuckin' hack") found the draft of this letter in my pocket during a search and immediately called the Special Investigative Service or whatever that goon squad is called at the penitentiary, and claimed that I was threatening you. "Officer Monkeybrain" was one of the two hacks who hated my guts, who had a "hard-on" for me (more con lingo explained in my future book about my forced federal furlough, **The Cat-Man of Lompoc**). He beamed with *Schadenfreude* when he found the "contraband" letter, ignoring my arguments about "freedom of speech" and "intellectual property" because I was, as he told me, "just a fucking convict." But his efforts to get me thrown in the Hole failed, as the prison administrators dismissed the guard's charge that I was threatening you. Here is the letter I wanted to send you:

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J'accuse!

Dear Ms. Reno:

I was sentenced to 27 months in federal prison for mailing an allegedly "threatening" pamphlet to a divorce judge, my wife's divorce shyster, and to other legal slimebags who protected those two stains on the legal establishment. In addition, I received two concurrent sentences of 27 months each for mailing two "threatening" prank postcards with pasted-up newspaper headlines to my ex-wife. To punish me for exercising my so-called Free Speech rights, your Department of Injustice wasted an estimated \$100,000 of tax payers' money.

After being imprisoned for eight months so far, and after secretly conducting interviews with my fellow prisoners, I have learned how many of your Injustice Department shysters, U.S. Attorneys, the FBI, and DEA agents operate: their major weapon is **to terrorize, threaten and blackmail** alleged criminals with scary sentences of 25 to 100 years in prison -- unless they accept the government's plea

bargain or rat on their friends, family members and acquaintances. They pit lifelong friends against each other, brother against brother, wife against husband, child against parent, in exchange for a "lighter" sentence of "only" ten or twenty years. They let the snitches and rats off with three years in prison -- down from the 100 years originally threatened -- if they name enough names, so that your boys and bulldykes have more "conspirators" and "co-conspirators" to persecute and thus justify their own paychecks. They plant and fabricate evidence and falsify records to beef up non-cases. They lie like divorce shysters. They operate beyond the law and don't shy away from murder. Many of these government gangsters are abusive and cocky, knowing that they are backed by the most powerful, best-funded and cruellest empire in existence -- your so-called Department of Justice.

Your underlings fear neither God nor the Devil. They fear no law or judge or gun. The only thing the Injustice Department and the Bureau of Prisons fear are people armed with **pens**. The word-processor is mightier than the sword, and your thugs know it. While in prison, dangerous criminals like me are forbidden to let the outside world know of what is going on in your department and behind prison walls. The Nazis had ways to make you talk; the B.o.P. has ways to keep you quiet. Violators are thrown in the Hole or treated with "diesel therapy"-- cruelly shipped like pieces of meat from prison to prison for weeks or months, thereby holding them incommunicado and destroying their bodies and minds. Animals would not be allowed to be shipped the way the B.o.P. transfers prisoners.

For exercising my so-called Free Speech rights again by mailing you this letter, it is possible that by the time you get my message, I will be punished again: shipped handcuffed, belly-chained & leg-shackled like a mass murderer to a nastier prison in Texas or Colorado or Missouri or the hellhole in El Reno, Oklahoma. In addition, after having served our prison terms, we dangerous ex-cons will be for years on severely restrictive probation, during which we are kept on an invisible chain and yanked back into prison for 5 to 20 years if we violate any term of probation. If a "convicted felon" like me does not violate his or her parole terms, violations can always be fabricated by your punitive staff. It is not paranoia but simply a fact that your henchmen may throw me back in prison to punish me again if I publish this letter before my probation ends on August 25, 1998. Yet I **must** speak up about your cruel gang, and the world must know how Amerika is treating her people.

Most of all, your \$100,000 Federal Treatment taught me much about the cruel netherworld of the cursed Bureau of Prisons, that barbarous and destructive secret empire few Americans know about. This genuinely evil multi-billion empire is ruled by another female, **nomen-est-omen** Kathleen Hawk, director of the B.o.P. Working in the business office inside this extremely nasty penitentiary at Lompoc, I walk past

photos of you two ladies hanging on the wall near the warden's office. Every working day, after being strip-searched and herded through several razor-wire gates, I walk past a rogues' gallery of five large photos: Billy Rodham Clinton (our pussy-whipped, morally depraved president); the Warden (a stocky fellow who looks like a bouncer in an Irish whorehouse); the B.o.P. Western Regional Director H.E.B. White (who actually be black); and you two stepmotherly ladies utterly deficient in the caring and nourishing traits of womanhood. When the guards don't watch me, I give you five folks the Finger for being responsible for the incredible misery you are causing to many thousands of imprisoned men and women and their families.

I have learned of the mysterious UNICOR Federal Prison Industries that earn hundreds of millions of dollars every year but are not accountable to anyone. Minimum-security prison labor camps and medium-security Federal Correctional Institutions are filled with hordes of cheap slave laborers (as in China) who fill the pockets of politicians, lawyers and judges. Prisoners are forced to put in a full and hard day's work for as little as 3 cents an hour or \$5.25 a month.

I have studied most of my 300-plus fellow prisoners, half "druggies" and half white-collar criminals. Being the sole Dangerous Postcard Writer, I don't fit in with either of these two categories and feel like an anthropologist observing the misery caused and perpetuated by you two ladies. I see many good and decent humans locked up in this stupid, filthy, boring slave-labor camp that reminds me of the Gulags of the Russians and of the **Arbeitslager** of the Nazis. All that is missing is a gate with the sarcastic inscription **ARBEIT MACHT FREI**, "work makes you free." Even though there are no deadly razor-wire fences around our minimum-security prison, we can sense an invisible fence reaching up to the sky. And there are the guards who threaten to run us over with their cars if we try to flee or who would certainly kill us from their watchtowers with high-power guns.

I observe sadly how you and Hawk are destroying some 75% of the families of the 100,000 federal prisoners. I have witnessed numerous heartbreaking visits from prisoners' wives, some of whom have to drive 700 miles with their little children to see daddy for a few hours. I have met fathers locked up for six or eight or ten years for allegedly being "conspirators" to someone else's crimes. I have commiserated with visiting mothers separated from their sons for five years or a decade because of a relatively harmless crime. I have consoled prisoners' children who are growing up without a father or mother or both; kids who probably will end up in prison too. I have listened to the laments of wives who now have to support themselves and their kids with low-paying jobs. I have talked with men who were divorced by their wives while in this joint.

I pity all the men and women who, after their mind-destroying imprisonment, will get out, some day, without any marketable skills. The only job training offered in this slave-labor camp is meat cutting and sewage treatment. Anything educational is **verboden**. I volunteered to teach German, French, Spanish, English for Mexicans, and remedial English for blacks, but the camp administrator does not allow it. Older prisoners warned me: if the cops caught me teaching, I would be shipped to another, tougher prison. Nevertheless, a small group wanting to learn German met with me secretly in the law library trailer, but our clandestine classes did not last long, as a snitch tipped off the guards. So much for education and preparing prisoners for release back into society.

I see many good men and women rotting in prison, casualties of your no-win War on Drugs. While I neither use nor endorse drugs, I am convinced that many "druggies" need medical and psychological help, not years in dangerously overcrowded prisons, again and again. Those hellholes are overflowing with the daily catch of your busy and sneaky DEA agents, delivered to the wardens, those superintendents of warehouses crammed full of numbered human bodies that are obsessively counted at least five times daily to assure that the inventory is correct.

I have recorded horror stories of naïve prisoners who, like myself, ended up in prison because we were poor and at the mercy of incompetent, lazy court-appointed lawyers. I have also learned from others whose shysters billed them for \$40,000 or \$80,000, and after they had cleaned out their sucker-clients, urged them to accept the government's plea bargains.

I have observed good men going insane, howling like animals or slashing their wrists in attempts to end their lives because of the **obscenely** long sentences. I have seen these unfortunate ones end up in the suicide watch cell, a bare room with a dingy mattress on the cold floor, lights on around the clock, and physician's assistants staring at them day and night through a hole in the door. If these prisoners can't be manipulated into "behaving," they'll get destructive mind-altering drugs that turn them into zombies.

I have seen dozens of prisoners stabbed, slashed or killed, then wheeled to an ambulance after incompetent prison medics were unable to patch them up.

I have spoken with prisoners who had observed brutal homosexual rapes and who are familiar with the predators' welcome for new prisoners, "Your shit on my dick, or your blood on my blade!"

I have watched computer scientists, ship captains, airline pilots, professors, physicians, stockbrokers, attorneys and other highly-trained gentlemen wipe the mess hall floors, pick up garbage, or shovel cow-shit at the prison dairy farm, while our young wanna-be warden stands nearby, holding hands with his wife and the prison chaplain, leather-bound Bibles squeezed under their arms, and praying their icy hearts out. Pardon me while I puke, Ma'am.

Most of these prisoners -- all nonviolent first-time offenders -- should be back home under supervised house arrest, where they could be spouses and parents and productive taxpayers who would work off their sins through community services ranging from tutoring to working as orderlies in hospitals and old folks' homes. What a horrible waste of brain power to keep these harmless men and women warehoused for **obscenely** long terms!

The 1987 Mandatory Minimum sentencing law is the major culprit for all that injustice. Enacting this law was a sick social experiment concocted by shortsighted criminologists and vote-hungry lawmakers. It went terribly wrong and has resulted in awful consequences for American families and individuals. Not having a husband or children, you, Ms. Reno, cannot possibly understand the misery your Department of Injustice is inflicting on the families of prisoners: the parents, spouses and children of prisoners are the ones who are really suffering; we cons get used to this stupid third-rate army-type life. **You are punishing the wrong people.**

The bureaucrats running the U.S. Sentencing Commission could change the law to be less destructive to families and individuals, but they are a gutless bunch. They kowtow to slimy, self-serving politicians, congressmen and senators who demand that we get "tough on crime." Those same slimebags are talking about "family values" but actually are destroying tens of thousands of American families -- white, brown and black alike. Shame on anyone who opposes swift and humane prison reforms!

I wish that every politician, lawyer, judge, probation officer, warden, U.S. Marshall, FBI and DEA agent, Billy Rodham Clinton, Kathleen Hawk and you, Madam, could be forced to experience personally the degradation of an arrest, the humiliation of a strip search, the terror of a maximum-security cell, the cruel transport of prisoners, the scandalous medical mistreatment, the destruction of families and friends, and the inhumane and utterly senseless warehousing as a numbered piece of meat for just one month of prison life. You all would sing a different song and quickly change the law. But you all are callous and have no conscience or shame. You just want to hold on to your jobs, you pitiless politicalcasters. You want to maintain the godlike power you have over the lives of

others. Your Department of Injustice is, essentially, no better than the Nazis were, the Russian Secret Police, the Chinese and Chilean Human Rights Violators, or Uganda's Idi Amin.

Officially, we prisoners are called "inmates," a term most of us despise. Whether we live or die makes no difference to the B.o.P. If we are in pain because of an infected root canal, we are lucky to get two Motrin pills -- the standard treatment for concussions, broken arms, smashed facial bones or stab wounds. If we are still in pain, prison guards tell us, "It don't matter." In December 1993, I rested on my bunk bed with severe chest pains caused by Steve Campballs, a nasty "hack" who liked to harass me. A fellow prisoner begged him to transfer me to the prison hospital. Campballs's response: "Just let him die."

Federal Judge Scatmüller, to whom I complained about the barbarous medical conditions at prisons, apparently endorses such inhuman treatment. He told me that I couldn't expect to be treated as if I were a guest at a Hilton hotel.

Right. We are only "inmates." Just let us die. It don't matter.

The B.o.P. is as cruel to animals as it is to humans. Every year, many thousands of birds, squirrels, gophers, raccoons, foxes, cats, and other animals unfortunate to live on prison grounds are poisoned or trapped and killed "for the security of the institution." Many of us prisoners lovingly raise, feed, and care for these companions, only to see them killed a few months later by the B.o.P. Aren't you proud of how your underlings treat harmless humans and animals, Ms. Reno?

Now, there are physically violent, vicious men and women who have to be locked up, perhaps for life, or punished for their heinous crimes through death, but there are far more harmless, innocent, marginally guilty and framed people in extremely overcrowded prisons who should not be there. If they were at home, where they belong, half of our prisons would stand empty. Instead of building more prisons -- the current craze that benefits only land developers, contractors, architects, lobbyists, profiteering merchants and other opportunists, dying small towns, and hordes of otherwise unemployable whites and minorities -- those harmless people should be released from prison under a general amnesty, now, and supervised with electronic monitoring and forced to repay their victims or to volunteer their skills to improve society.

Keeping good people in prison for longer than six months is senseless and destructive. Most first-time offenders will never again commit a crime after they

have been just one month in prison. Do you think they will be better human beings after five, ten, or twenty years in that destructive environment?

Do you think that Lem, a pleasant, intelligent 22-year-old black youngster and victim of your infamous 1986 "nigger laws," will be of any use to anyone after having wasted 17 years in prison for selling crack?

Do you think that Dane, a 37-year-old decent and cheerful fellow, will cheer for your nasty outfit that locked him up for 7 years merely for storing chemicals that a sneaky undercover DEA agent had sold to a snitching friend? Your immoral gang -- insatiable in their lust to imprison as many people as possible -- tried to bribe Dane with a lower sentence if he supplied more names to them. For his refusal to cause misery for innocent others, your Torquemadas punished him as hard as they could. Aren't you proud of your vindictive underlings?

Do you think that Rodney, a 48-year-old totally innocent gentleman, won't be bitter after having ten years of his life stolen because a drug-importing criminal gave his name to your conviction-hungry thugs?

Do you think that 64-year-old Norman, who lost his home and family because he grew some marijuana in his garage for his personal use, won't hate your outfit for condemning him to five years in a sloppy slave-labor camp

Do you think that Steve, a half-dead 68-year-old Pápago Indian grandfather, will be "rehabilitated" after having wasted four years in prison because he had a 17-year-old girlfriend on a reservation?

Do you think that Ray, in his seventies and almost senile, will stop smoking marijuana after being released from his third, eight-year pot-related prison sentence? It is most ironic to see Ray in prison, punished for using drugs, while some corrections officers (whom we cons call "dirty cops") smuggle in contraband drugs and sell him any kind he wants. Aren't you punishing the wrong people?

Do you think that Hiram, an 82-year-old tax protester, will mend his ways after having swept up garbage for two years in a prison mess hall?

They all will, as I do, despise your cruel and destructive outfit for as long as we live. Together with at least half a million others, we hate this foul federal government that causes irreparable damage to multitudes of good people and their innocent families. The Federal Government is spreading like murderous slime across this country, usurping the rights of every state and individual, and sticking its

nose into everyone's business. Crime after crime is federalized to create more power for the Almighty Feds.

Do you wonder, Ms. Reno, why so many Americans feel contempt and loathing for their government? Look at the blood on your hands, and look at the appalling prison system that you and your colleagues are conniving to perpetuate. No, Madam, I am **not** advocating to overthrow the government; that would be a federal crime and just what your thugs need to nail me again.

There are many thousands of other innocent and harmless folks in prison who were screwed over by your conviction-hungry goons and their own bastard shysters -- screwed over far worse than I was and serving sentences of five to more than twenty years. Most of these victims of American Justice are nameless and voiceless. For this reason I feel compelled to speak for them.

I don't have many more years to live and regret that your department is stealing nearly two years of my life for a crime I did not commit. Yet a Higher Power may have put me through this horror so that I can tell the world about you and your gang, in the hope that I may be able to help shorten the inhumanly long sentences and to better the lives of my fellow prisoners and their innocent families once I am free again. My conscience demands that I **must** speak up -- even if I get punished again by your thugs -- before half of this nation's population is in prison, guarded by the other half.

For our country's sake, Ms. Reno, **do something, now!** Don't just sit in your office shuffling memos and conniving with heartless, soulless, self-serving politicians, the scum of the earth. You have the power to change this cruel system. **Act now!**

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This is the letter I could not send you while in prison, Madam. Back home again, I retyped it from memory, relieved that "Officer Monkeybrain" was not looking over my shoulder and siccing the cops on me. But I am aware that I may still pay dearly for telling you the truth before August 1998.

"I done my time," as we ex-cons say, yet the Feds are still looking over my shoulder and treating me as if I were an extremely dangerous killer.

While still rebellious, I used to believe that four "B.o.P. assholes" irrationally and nastily denied me home confinement and insisted that I spend the final six weeks of my sentence at the federal halfwit house in San Francisco. Gordon Spitman (Long Beach) denied me home confinement because my crime was "outrageous" and

arrogantly refused to reply to my letter requesting justification for his statement. Jo Hubbub (San Francisco) also denied it without giving any reason or bothering to respond to my letter. On appeal, H.E.B. White (Dublin), also denied it, supporting the decision by LeRoy Tom-Asse (San Francisco) who forced me to stay at the halfwit house.

Now rehabilitated, I'm most grateful to these wise Boppies and especially to LeRoy who, on the one hand (in my opinion) vindictively denied me urgently needed heart medication, but on the other hand was kind enough to assure my full reintegration into society by letting me stay free of charge at a one-star hotel in the dangerous and sleazy Tenderloin district. At that \$55-a-day flophouse, paid by taxpayers, I finished the final phase of my rehabilitation by passing the weeks learning how to avoid dangerous street crazies, squashing cockroaches, cleaning toilets, mopping floors, and looking down from my fourth-floor window at busy drug dealers, whores, and public urinators.

My pal LeRoy's concern for me was obvious: he warned me not to publish anything controversial and to watch my language; he also provided reasons why I had to stay at the halfwit house. According to him, I had a "questionable criminal background" (although I have never even received a parking ticket in my life) and there were "public safety factors" and "sensitive high profile concerns" that prevented my home confinement. I have written several letters to Stepmother Hawk in Washington to have Tom-Asse justify his libelous statements, but, naturally, the bureaucrat-in-charge, David Wollstein, protects his Boy.

We people armed with pens certainly are a dangerous lot. The continued governmental paranoia and hysteria prove it: when I tried to deliver my appeal to the B.o.P. at the Federal Building in San Francisco, an old white broad (perhaps Jo Hubbub) refused to open the door and insisted that I slip the papers under the door. When the probation officer came to my house to check up on me, policy required that she had to wear a bulletproof vest. And when I traveled with governmental permission to my daughter's wedding in Nevada, I had to register there with the police as a "convicted felon."

As people say, someone is nuts -- and I have three psychologists' evaluations to prove it's not me.

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Although I am now completely rehabilitated and oozing with contrition, I find our system of justice very strange: on May 17, 1995, G. Gordon "Watergate" Liddy won

the Freedom of Speech Award for advocating extreme physical violence by instructing his listeners on the most effective way to gun down federal agents (head shots & groin shots). On the other hand, I received no award for trying to cleanse the Wisconsin legal clique but was punished with twelve months in federal prison for exercising my so-called freedom of speech by mailing a letter in which I exposed and ridiculed "foul legal scum" and wished that God or Fate (not I) would kill them.

Twelve months for **verbally blasting** Peckerhead and Foullips -- but if I had acted the Regular American Way by getting a gun and **blasting them to deepest hell**, I would have also received about twelve months for justifiable manslaughter.

Someone is nuts, and it sure ain't me.

I spent another six months in the slammer for merely mailing to my ex-wife two prank postcards with newspaper headline clippings. The Milwaukee federal district court, in its jury instructions and relying on precedents, defined **threat** as "a serious statement expressing an intention to inflict bodily injury upon someone." The two headlines were: **MAN KILLS EX-WIFE** and **ESTRANGED WIFE IS FOUND SLAIN IN HER HOME**. Despite all that time in prison and superb rehabilitation, I still can't find the threat or where I seriously expressed an intention to injure or kill someone. Would you, one of our top legal scholars, be kind enough to enlighten me?

The law invoked against me is actually meant to punish people who mail letters in which they **seriously** threaten to harm or kill someone's children or spouse, for example, if the recipient does not pay them \$50,000, or to imprison letter-writers who **seriously** threaten to kill the President. But to let the "legal slimebags of Wisconsin" misuse that same law to punish me for exposing and ridiculing them and to stop my attempts to have that formerly-called "sewer-rat" divorce lawyer Foullips and that erstwhile "looney bitch" judge Peckerhead impeached and disbarred -- that was nasty, absurd and scandalous, as I used to think before your department purified me. What the justice system did to me and many other harmless people is criminal - - no wonder it is called the criminal justice system.

I used to be puzzled why judge Scatmüller did not throw out the case by dismissing the ridiculous charges against me. Of course, I was aware that he could not be impartial because he personally knew most, if not all, of the "black-robed bastards and bitches" I had ridiculed. Thus I suspected that some of his legal pals had suggested to this outstanding judge that he silence that annoying son-of-a-bitch Aman. But a **federal** judge would not stoop that low, would he? Gosh, what evil thoughts I harbored before your \$100,000 Treatment!

If I were not rehabilitated, I would resent the three years of probation wonderful judge Scatmüller inflicted on me for no valid reason except apparent vindictiveness -- particularly the stipulation restricting my travel to a small area of northern California. I asked him to show clemency by terminating that unnecessary and cruel punishment **after** the prison punishment, but on September 18, 1995, he denied my petition, as he has all earlier ones. Someone less contrite than I would question the pitiless power you Feds give to a heartless small man with a megalomaniacal signature. Now promoted to Federal Chief Judge, Scatmüller must be the idol of all the legal slimebags in Wisconsin I exposed and ridiculed. I hope all the admiration by his sycophants does not go to his head.

Yet he is doing the right thing by not letting me travel freely for business purposes, or to take care of my parents' and grandparents' graves in Europe that have been neglected since my arrest in 1993. By keeping the nemesis of Wisconsin's legal slime on the federal choke chain until August 1998, he is just making sure that I will be really, really, really fully rehabilitated. Tough-on-crime Scatmüller deserves to sit on the Supreme Court.

In my wretched pre-prison days I also defiled the professionalism of my court-appointed lawyer, John Miller Kuntbrain, basically an ignorant drunk-driver shyster, who took my case because he needed "federal experience." I used to be upset because he talked me into rejecting the government's plea bargain of a mere six months' probation, urging me to go to trial instead "because we can't lose." Now, contrite, I see that his sucking up to judges Scatmüller and Peckerhead was more important to his career than justice and liberty for me. (So far, more than a dozen Wisconsin shysters have turned down my request to sue Kuntbrain for legal malpractice.)

I used to believe that your Department of Injustice blew \$100,000 on this scandalous case of governmental overkill merely so that Attorney Francis ~~Patz~~ Schmutz could have another easy conviction on his record, propelling him toward a federal judgeship; so that a bunch of federal flunkies could earn their paychecks; so that my fellow citizens would be warned never to expose and ridicule legal slimebags, as foul as they might be; and so that the ruffled feathers of "honorable" Wisconsin slimebag shysters and judges would be smoothed and their so-called honor restored. Now that I am found and blind no more, I don't think so any longer. It's amazing!

I do hope and pray that my former adversaries forgive me for my mean-spirited thoughts of yore. If only I had come to my senses earlier! Just think, before being rehabilitated, I rejected the federal judge's insistence that I show fake remorse and

write letters of apology to my three so-called victims and thereby reduce my sentence by some six months. Unrepentant hardhead that I was, I said to myself, "He's got to be kidding! **I** should apologize to greedy Shirley, bitch Peckerhead and sewer-rat Foullips, those bastards who stole \$85,000 from me, put my innocent daughter through hell, caused this Kafkaesque nightmare, and almost destroyed **Maledicta** and my life? **Apologize** to them? In a pig's ass! **Fuck 'em!**"

Your Federal Treatment surely cured me of such depravity.

Yet think, Ms. Reno, what could have been achieved instead with the \$100,000 your outfit wasted to put this dangerous postcard writer behind bars: that money would have bought a lot of books for school children and libraries; it would have helped scores of old and sick people; and it would have helped train many youngsters for respectable jobs.

But no. It was better for me that your boys made Amerika **Amanfrei** instead, at least for a while.

Dear Ms. Reno, if I were not totally rehabilitated, I would admonish you; but those days are over. Now pure in thoughts and words, cleansed by judge Scatmüller's sweet sound and 15-1/2 months in the slammer, I could not possibly bring myself to utter what I might have said a year ago:

Shame on you, Janet Reno, for being the head of that lawless, vindictive and cruel empire! Shame on you if you don't work for swift and humane prison reforms! And shame on you if you don't do your utmost to clean up your immoral outfit teeming with ruthless scum much more repulsive than syphilitic street whores!

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Achtung!

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Furthermore, the author certifies that he has never meant, nor does he mean now, nor will he ever mean any harm or threat in any way, shape or form to any person and/or institution mentioned in this satire.

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